

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1887.

NO. 292.

## STILL THEY COME !

The Crowd pushes too hard, and tumbles over the bodies of those who fainted.

## THE THIEVES CAUGHT AND JAILED !

An Immense Excitement and People talk about Lynching the Scoundrels.

## GUNS & PISTOLS FREELY DISPLAYED

"ALL ABOUT THE LATEST NEWS." How it Happened and what it was, is explained in few words.  
**THE STORE OF D. KLASS** was so crowded yesterday that two persons fainted, and some one cried FIRE, THIEVES, the Police arrived in time, and in order to avoid any more accidents and give each one a chance to get some of the great bargains almost given away, Mr. Klass had two special men stationed to keep the crowd in line, in order to give each one a chance to participate in this slaughtering sale. Never in the history of Stanford were Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and furnishing Goods, &c., &c., sold at such a sacrifice. No Mercy, no Pitty on any Article. Everyone will and must go. CASH buys them, nothing will be charged. The time is short, only till January 1st and no longer. Come early in the morning and avoid the rush. Ladies are especially requested to come in the morning before the rush. Remember this is a forced sale on account of positive change in my business.

### HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—G. M. Givens, having found a ready market for his mules at Atlanta, got home on Tuesday.

—Ladies, please give me a call. You will find Santa Claus at the postoffice. Respectfully, Mrs. Adelia Woods, P. M.

—Christmas is likely to come with a boom, judging by the unprecedented supply of toys, confectionery, &c., arranged so temptingly, especially in the drug stores.

—The less festive of our population are quietly rejoicing in the report that we have a new town marshal, who is said to be conscientiously opposed to the use of any kind of artillery unless orthodoxy loaded with legitimate powder and lead.

—The Literary society of Christian College will give an entertainment on Friday night at the College chapel, where among other attractions "The Craving Family" will be presented by an amateur troupe. From the array of well known talent to be upon the boards, a pleasant evening is confidently anticipated. Admission only 10 cents.

—Young America is asserting herself especially in our business houses. Tom Hurn has repainted, furnished and stocked his house in lavish profusion, and is prepared with "bans and antidotes" to create and cure almost all "the ills that flesh is heir to." At the present writing E. Kennedy is officiating behind the toy and confection counter looking "sweeter and more innocent than any of his wares"; while Jim Bryant, one of the most accomplished strungists in the land provides blandly over bell and portion, epistles and gallop, with a grace that almost induces us to covet epithet of sickness for sake of the luxury of being cured. Across the street J. W. Westerford has thoroughly cleaned and decorated the old drug store stand, sparing neither expense nor pains in making it one of the nicest concerns of the kind in the country. Peacock attends present to the prescription department, while Jim Claude in his new toggery, pinnacled with a stunning plug hat is "watching the world" with graceful evolution, dignified demesme and pithy aphorisms. Our other business men have not yet recovered from the shock of these new departures, but there is a perceptible "shaking among the dry bones" and we look for a resurrection soon.

—The girls are already beginning to return from the various schools for the annual girl's reunion—united and the more perfect. Well, let us sympathize with them. By a little effort, it seems to me, the greatest and the greatest of us might gather up from amid the miscellaneous rubbish of the buried past, reminiscences of a time when as gayly and as gaudily—perhaps more gaudily—than any of the gushing boys and girls of the present, we looked toward to, and revelled in the joys, the gleesome frolics, the conquests and mischiefs the heart action of the Christmas festival. Turn to the young and frivols we would cordially say: "To each and all a merry Christmas!" merriment in the absence of pain and sorrow—merry in a grateful sense of the significance of the season—merry in the hope so brightened in its annual return—merry in the opportunity to aid and comfort those less blessed with worldly enjoyments—especially merry in the spirit which animated the ethereal angels when they ushered it in with glory to thine in the highest, and on earth peace good will toward men."

A woman in Memphis heard the doorbell ring and went to answer the summons. Standing on the doorstep was the figure of her husband who had died five years before. She was greatly frightened, but did not lose her senses, and managed to ask what the ghostly visitor wanted. The apparition made no reply, but passed into the house, went straight to an old cupboard, and pointed out a secret compartment in the woodwork. The spook then faded away right before the lady's eyes. On examining the place pointed out she found \$1,500 in paper money and a number of papers of considerable value.

### GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT. Lancaster.

—J. L. Yantis sold to B. G. Goyer, of Lincoln, his farm of 177 acres.

—A cow and dog fight on the square was the source of much merriment Wednesday.

—The indications are good this Thursday morning for a cold Christmas. Thus will please everybody.

—Samuel B. Harris, Jr., has bought out the store of R. L. Bettis and will take possession January 1st. Mr. Bettis thinks of locating in Louisville.

—Married, December 22d, Robert Lawson in Mary D. Miller; December 24th Taylor House to Lutie Sutton; December 22d, George W. Sodler to Lutie Hardin.

—Messrs. Eggleman & Farris will get the Lancaster Hotel ready to open. It seems they hold the rental of it and the sale was made to Mr. Critcher with that provision.

—Listener Tuesday is quite sick at the Antioch naval academy. Deputy Collector W. S. Miller went to Hardsburg this week on business for the government.

—The gossips are off on the weather today. Thursday I say about the 22d it will be warm for the season. Instead of the 21st it is one of the coldest days of the year.

—Carter Harrison's Bath in Japan

—One of the girls who are to be married to-day. We address and put on a robe. A girl comes in to the bath room. It is known as a room and is a Japanese screen to screen off the girls' bathing habits of the house. The tub is a round wooden vat about four feet deep. You put your foot in to regulate the temperature. The foot at once takes the heat of a boiled lobster. You never strike. The girl is the end of a pipe of cold water in. You then wait for her to go out. She does not budge. You can't see even the tips of Japanese enough to tell her to get out. Finally, by a lot of coaxing, you get her beyond the screen. But not too far. There she stands and waits, so innocently as did good old Eve when Adam pounced upon her with everlastings desire on of finding all out.

—There are things that try men's souls and call for heroic courage. One can scale the bristling wall, can mount the mouth of a toothed shark, can mount the scissile with the sharp ax glistening in the sun, can tell the girl he loves how he would win and wed her, can make a madman in power in the House of Representatives; but these are easy tasks compared to that of getting into a hot bath with a pretty Japanese girl looking at you through a robin screen—looking at you, too, with as much gaudy frankness as if she were springing a 3 month old baby stripped of its little channel shirt.

—Find a patience gives out, can drop your robe and jump in, if need be! The pair of wild weird and odd the thing, but the future is still adding color. You feel much as did the poor Japanese interloper, when, a few hundred years ago, the heathen wretches haled them into grease. You forget the girl and everything above and jump out thoroughly clothed, i.e., clothed in scaly skin. And these are the things when the men's souls, —that's all.

—"Prisoner, did you kill this boy?" "I did, your honor; I cut his throat." He shot me in the ear with a rubber sling and—"The prisoner is desperate and the sheriff will give him back his knife and tell the door?" "Who's at the door?" Jesus! "All gas burned after 10 o'clock P. M. will be charged for?" So. That's the game, is it? Don't blow it out and yet get to pay for it if it burns after midnight, have I? Not by a goddam sight! I'd like to see any doggone Chicago bulldozer get ahead of me that way." Empties water pitcher on gas jet and cracks into bed.—(Chicago Tribune).

—The secret of raising towels is to keep them healthy and free from disease, especially cholera. The best remedy ever discovered for that is Ginter's Cholera Cure. It is warranted and sold by McRhees & Stagg.

—The limited train on the St. Paul & Duluth road went down an embankment at Minto, Minn., killing the engineer and several other persons.

### MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Natural gas will yet be piped from Rockcastle to the cities.

—Mr. W. F. DeBard and Miss Amanda Catron, of the Level Green neighborhood, Lived to Jellico Monday and were married.

—Moses Alice and Nannie Jones, of Laurel county, returned home after a brief visit to Level Green accompanied by Miss O. A. Catron.

—F. L. Clifford, agent at Livingston, and L. A. Case, operator at Sinks, are visiting Louisville. Ad Catron has gone South with a car of mules.

—A five year old son of Jones Hart, of White, while playing about the yard with a pen knife in his hand, stumbled and fell, the knife penetrating his neck, cutting one of the large arteries. He can hardly live.

—The Baptists will hold a convention at Williamsburg on Dec. 31 for the purpose of appointing trustees for the management of the proposed college to be built at that place. This county should send a good delegation.

—B. A. Yoston, of Hindman, has been boring for water for some time on the lot of J. G. Frith. A few days ago at the depth of about 115 feet a small vein of natural gas was struck. The boring will continue in hopes of finding a larger vein, which if found will be used for heating and lighting purposes.

—Dave Johnson, of Livingston, has an infant daughter nearly a week old, that is quite a curiosity. One or two of the human vertebrates are absent, leaving an opening of nearly two inches, communicating with the internal cavity and cutting off the nerve supply for the lower extremities, rendering them useless and immovable.

Above, and surrounding this opening is a pouch holding nearly a half pint, which is filled with blood and water if not kept open, and this seems to be the principal outlet for the kidneys. The child will live and look very well though restless all the time.

—If You Would be Happy.

Beware of the man of two faces. Persevere against discouragement.

Take a cheerful view of everything.

In all promised pleasures put self last.

Trust in God and mind your own business.

Pray for a short memory as to all unkindness.

Do not talk of your private, personal or family matters.

Give your tongue more holiday than your hands or your eyes.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

Multivariate forbearance till your heart yields a line drop of it.

Examine into your own shortcomings rather than those of others.

Act as you expect to be done a hundred years, but might die to-morrow.

Be content to do things you can and feel not because you can't do everything.

Never repin in kind to a sharp or angry word; it is the second word that makes the quare.

Make the best of what you have and do not make yourself miserable by wishing for what you have not. —[Chicago Mail].

—St. Louis man (in his room at a Chicago hotel) prepared to retire—"What's this sign?" "Don't blow out the gas!" All right, if the landlord wants to burn all night it's nothing to me. What's this tacked onto the door? "Who's at the door?" Jesus! "All gas burned after 10 o'clock P. M. will be charged for?" So. That's the game, is it?

—The prisoner, did you kill this boy?" "I did, your honor; I cut his throat."

He shot me in the ear with a rubber sling and—"The prisoner is desperate and the sheriff will give him back his knife and tell the door?" "Who's at the door?" Jesus!

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—W. D. Sull, Druggist, Hippo, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. This man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years standing."

—Abraham Hale, druggist, Bolivar, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Bladder. Only a half dollar a bottle at A. G. Penny's Drug Store.

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—Thomas T. Beattie, an old newspaper writer, died in Louisville, aged 87.

### OBITUARY.

—Little Zephia P., daughter of John C. and Susan Cotton Collinson, died at their home at Middleburg, December 1, after a short illness.

She was born January 16th, 1886, and although the dear Savior permitted her to stay but a short time on earth, her presence brightened the whole household and filled every heart with love for her. Unusually bright for her age, and very beautiful, she was the pet of everyone and strangers were particularly drawn to her. The idol of father and mother, it was a severe blow to give her up, but "such is the kingdom of heaven," and the Master wanted her with Him. May the earthly parents in their affliction be enabled to pay, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS! HOLIDAY GOODS! ENDLESS VARIETY!

### Largest and Nicest Holiday Stock

Ever displayed in Stanford; don't fail to make your purchases.

We have Presents for All, Old and Young, Great and Small.

You will find that our display of

### Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silverware

Is unusually large and the latest styles and novelties. And we are headquarters for Santa Claus on

### Writing Desks, Tablets and Portfolios, Plush Brush & Comb Sets, Shaving Sets, &c.

Photograph and Autograph Albums, Manicure Sets in Plush and Leather.

Our line of Whisk-holders and Xmas Cards can not be beat.

Our House is the only Doll Emporium in this part of the country, from 5 cents up.

We have a large stock of Doll Buggies and the best Toy wagons in the market.

Remember our headquarters is Opera House square, opposite court-house.

### McROBERTS & STAGG.

name on a package of COFFEE is a guarantee of excellence.

—ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

At the PAINTER'S you will see during the year for nothing or a trifling sum \$100 to \$1000 by

order for nothing or a trifling sum \$100 to \$1000 by

The Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

### COFFEE

Is never good when exposed to the air.

Always buy this brand in hermetically sealed ONE POUND PACKAGES.

—A Woman's Discovery

—Another wonderful discovery has been made and that by a lady in this country. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years stood with its severest tests but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she struggled incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was soon much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle had been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. Thus write W. C. Baileick & Co., of Shadyside, N. C. Get a trial bottle at A. G. Penny's drug store.

Buckner's America Salvage

The best salve in the world for this, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Fever Sores, Titter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Complaints, and positively burns like fire, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or may refund. Price, 25 cents per box. For Safety A. G. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - December 23, 1887

W. P. WALTON.

### SIX PAGES.

THROUGH the mercy of a kind Providence, whose continued blessings few of us appreciate as we should, we are again permitted to herald the approach of another joyful season and extend to our patrons the hope that each and every one of them will realize a "Merry Christmas and a happy New Year." While many of us have passed that bright time of life that the return of the joyful event thrilled with those indescribable conditions, called *Carissas in the bones*, it is a sear and hardened heart indeed that cannot warm up in some degree at least to the occasion, and if we cannot be ourselves as happy and as light hearted as we used to be, we can at any rate do our best to make others feel that life is not entirely a miserable, disappointing journey from the cradle to the grave. Of all the holiday seasons Christmas is the emphatically supreme, as it should be, since it commemorates an event that brought joy to the world, peace and good will to men. What boots if the *seers* do tell us that the birth of Christ could not have occurred on the 25th of December, because it is the height of the rainy season in Judea and shepherds could hardly be watching their flocks by night on the plains? It has been fixed as the day for celebrating the beginning of a new dispensation and the Christian world accepts it in good faith and honours it accordingly. Whether the birth of Christ occurred in May or December, or neither, the significance of the event is the same, for it brought to a lost and ruined world the hope of redemption and God's salvation. But we are no sermonizer; we simply wanted to remind those who see nothing in the day but fun, frolic and carousal, that the birth of the little infant in the manger nearly 1,900 years ago, is not likely to be celebrated in wine-bibing, gluttony and law-breaking, but in a manner that will redound to His glory and prove that we rightly appreciate the event and the joy and happiness it brought to the world. It is the season of peace and good will; let each of us strive to make it as in earnest by adding as much as we can to the happiness and comfort of others. The *INTERIOR JOURNAL*, feeling at peace with itself and all the world, sends joyful greetings to each of its subscribers and wishes each a happy time and many returns of the day.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* evidently got scooped or there is nothing in the Taulbee pretty girl business. It says: "The old adage that 'a lie travels a league while truth puts on its boots' never was more fully exemplified than in the scandalous charges made against the Hon. Preston Taulbee, of Kentucky. From private investigation made in regard to the facts, no one there places any confidence in the truthfulness of the charge. His high standing as a man and as an official does not in the least impair by the circulation of such venomous reports." Speaking of Mr. Taulbee, he is preparing to introduce a bill that should become a law without debate. It is to prohibit granting special tax stamp to liquor dealers in local option districts. The government should not license what localities have decided shall not be sold in their midst.

HON. JOHN S. BARBOUR is Senator-elect from Virginia. The legislature by a vote of 87 to 81 to 35 for McShane confirmed the action of the democratic caucus, which unanimously nominated him. Unfortunately he does not take his seat until March 1889. In the meantime Riddieberger, who holds the balance of power in the Senate, is being courted and feted by the republicans, who, before we took an independent position, regarded him as everybody else does, hardly worth the notice.

The governor of Nebraska seems to be rather fresh individual, disposed to attend more to other people's business than his own. He has sent to the Senators from his State a protest against the confirmation of Lamar as Justice of the Supreme Court, saying that no man who ever denounced Abe Lincoln and supported Jeff Davis, should be honored in this land of the free. The governor is evidently a summer coon and should go into his hole and draw it after him.

A DECISION of the Supreme Court of Missouri declaring the Wood Local option law unconstitutional is another legal victory for the "dry" and elections are to be held on the question in all the counties of the State, including the city of St. Louis. Courts nearly always decide with what they believe to be the public sentiment as the recent promulgations from them further confirm.

THE Lexington *Transcript* says it has information that Col. Al. S. Berry will contest with Mr. Beck for the Senatorship. Berry heard something drop when he ran for governor. It will fall on him this time and smash him into a grease spot.

THE prohibitionists have prepared a bill providing for a general local option law in the State of Kentucky and will urge its passage by the next legislature. It is certain in its provisions.

The House voted to give its discharged employees a month's extra pay, which is the same as robbing Peter to pay Paul. Congressmen are always liberal with other people's money.

THE five fire-bugs captured in Knoxville proved to be the scoundrels who sacked and burned Tompkinsville and they have been safely lodged in jail there, though it took a heavily armed guard of 30 or more men to prevent their being lynched by the excited populace. The men were in abject terror and agreed if the sheriff would protect them from the mob to plead guilty on every charge that could be brought against them. Two of them charged with the murder of an Indiana sheriff, begged to be taken there for trial, offering the possibility of escape to the almost certain death that seemed to stare them in the face. Nearly all of the bonds have been recovered. If the scoundrels get the full penalty upon all of the indictments that will be brought against them each will have to serve the State 48 years.

The argument in that old, old chestnut, the Thobe contest business, is set for January 6th. Thobe has not the slightest hope for further success than to have Congress pass a round sum for imposing himself upon it. If the business of paying contestants were stopped, there would not be half as many contests in Congress. Even Lucas, of West Virginia, who put up a claim to Finkner's seat, was given \$1,000 for it.

A BILL for a general bankruptcy law is to be introduced in Congress after Christmas, which bears the approval of the American Bar Association. The country has been worrying along very well for several years with just a bankruptcy law and it looks like it could continue to do so, but the lawyers know that one would be picking for them and nothing for the creditors, hence the endorsement.

A DESPERADO in Colorado, who had killed four deputy sheriffs, entrenched himself in a dugout and defied arrest, but when a posse succeeded in surrounding his abode with numerous cartridges of giant powder he threw up his hands and surrendered unconditionally. He had hardly gotten out before the explosion occurred tearing the dugout into a million of pieces.

ALTHOUGH Dan Doherty, the American who killed a man in London, claimed that the shot was accidental, the court very mercifully let him off with penal servitude for life. Here in Kentucky an accidental killing would have been rewarded with a prompt acquittal and perhaps a chromo. It is refreshing to observe that human life is not everywhere as cheap as here.

THE Louisville *Post* says that Ben Johnson, one leading candidate for Speaker of the Kentucky House, does not "drink, smoke, or curse," and consequently ought not to be honored with office. Mr. Johnson claims to be a Kentuckian, but there must be some mistake about it. He hasn't the ear marks of a thoroughbred.

THE Mt. Sterling *Sentinel-Democrat* treated its readers to an historical edition last week of 16 pages of matter full of interest and excitingly gotten up. Bro. Haynes takes the cake solid in the matter of getting up extra reading for the season.

SENATOR PLUMB assumed himself in the Senate Wednesday by ridiculing the president's message and terming him an alarmist. Somebody ought to have reduced him from a perpendicular to a horizontal.

THE Ways and Means Committee will be presided over by Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge will be one of its members. Mills will be the recognized leader of the democrats.

We are afraid our old Virginia friends are going to suffer this winter. Seven thousand bags of their old stand-by—the peanut—were buried in Franklin the other night.

*Grammar in Politics*

The Washington dispatches credit to Senator Pugh, of Alabama, the introduction and advocacy of the following resolutions.

*Resolved* That the most important and pressing duty of the present session of Congress is to revise and so amend the existing internal and tariff laws as to reduce the initial revenue to be collected therefrom to the necessary wants of the Federal government, and no more than it needs to pay its incurred debts and discharge its obligations under the laws of Congress without crippling or deranging any American industry of business or interest connected with the subjects of tariff taxation or interfering with the just rates of American working people intended to be secured to them by the incidental effects of revenue duties, to secure in the joint product of the labor and capital employed in American industries, to full measure of the still-revenue in the cost of their labor and the labor of those engaged in similar industries in Europe.

*Resolved*, That the Senate will concur in no joint resolution for the final adjournment of the present session of Congress until after the passage of such remedial laws as are specified in the foregoing resolution.

Considered from a political point of view, the central idea in these two resolutions is well enough, but we pause to inquire, where did the Senator study that part of grammar which the orthodox schoolmaster calls syntax? In our boyhood days there was a system of teaching in vogue called parsing. It dealt largely with subjects, verbs and predicates. Perhaps it was but a cumbersome piece of Tom foolery, devised by some knight of the rod and ferule to worry his not altogether obedient pupils; but nevertheless and notwithstanding, it would be everlasting fun to tow-headed, copperas-breasted hoy of some log school-house in the back districts to hear the Senator parse Resove No. 1. Imagine Lindsay Murray or Noble Butler ruminating among congressional archives searching for choice selections to illustrate the rules of syntax, wouldn't they get up a howl when they struck this liter-

ary tid-bit? But to reach a climax, imagine Prof. Quackenbos teaching a class in rhetoric. He is lecturing upon style. He commands the pure and simple. In legislation especially, is the importance of these two features impressed upon the class. He illustrates by selections from standard authors. He picks up Senator Pugh's resolutions, "Ye gods and little fishes!" The sequel is left to the descriptive pen and fertile imagination of Soule Smith or "any other man."

We cannot concur in *ido* with the politics of the Senator's resolutions. The small leaven of incidental protection which the microscope reveals in minute quantities will not do much harm, unless it swells, as it is most likely to do, like the Royal Baking Powders (see ad, on another page) in a pot of light bread. We know a boy once who ate a half pound of dried apples and then drank water merely as an incident. The funeral sermon was pathetic!

But politics aside. We are concerned about grammar. To Senator Pugh we tender the paternal advice: Get thee to a pedagogue!

#### NEWSY NOTES.

—In a drunken quarrel over a woman George Klier shot and killed George Sherer in Louisville.

—Speaker Carlisle and Messrs. Randall, Mills, Reed and Cannon compose the House Committee on Rules.

—The snow storm caused the most serious blockade at Euston, Pa., that has been known for fifteen years.

—Terrell is the name of a new postoffice in Madison and A. J. McGuire has been appointed postmaster at it.

—A severe blizzard prevailed in Minnesota and Dakota this week, the mercury going down to 30° below zero.

—The Senate voted Tuesday to consider the Blair bill. Senator Beck was one of the 15 who voted in the negative.

—In a political quarrel at Opelousas, La., three men were shot and the physicians pronounced them all fatally wounded.

—Miss S. B. Stites, a faithful Christian worker and a great friend of the Barnes troupe, died at Hopkinsville this week.

—The confirmation of Secretary Lamar as Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court has been postponed until after the holidays.

—H. H. Gerson, a dude from Chicago, who played a big band in Louisville recently, has been sent up six years for forgery.

—Claus Spreckels will build a \$500,000 beet factory at Watsonville, Cal. Similar works will be built in other parts of the State.

—The President has nominated Edward F. Bingham, of Ohio, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

—Daniel Cherdron, a saloon-keeper of Mauch Chunk, Pa., threw a half beer glass of vitriol into his wife's face, terribly disfiguring her.

—Charles S. Fairchild has been confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of the Treasury, and George L. Rivers as Assistant Secretary of State.

—The Senate Pensions Committee reported a bill placing the name of Mrs. Jno. A. Logan on the pension list at the rate of \$2,000 per annum.

—John White, an employee of the Southern Express Company, at Chattanooga, has been arrested for robbing the company of a \$500 express package.

—Miss Ida Van Zundt was sent to the penitentiary for killing two crows birds belonging to a girl with whom she had quarreled, at New York.

—Fifty Chinese women, imported for immoral purposes, have been remanded back to the steamship company at San Francisco to be taken back to China.

—An engine and snow plow on the C. & N. B. jumped into the river carrying 13 men with it. Eight were killed and the others injured.

—Several gentlemen, who expect to be upon the House Appropriation Committee, object to Mr. Holmes for a colleague, and have so notified the Speaker.

—Gov. Eli H. Murray, for seven years Governor of Utah Territory, goes with his family to San Diego, Cal., for the winter, and probably to permanently remain.

—At Ballston Spa, N. Y., S. C. Crandall shot and killed his wife, his daughter, mother and himself. The family were at the breakfast table when the tragedy began.

—Warren Pevey, of the Tennessee penitentiary, discovered a plot of convicts for a wholesale escape from prison. The discovery was made just in time to prevent it being successful.

—Richard K. Fox has sent a telegram to Manager Harting, stating that Kishan and Smith must fight again and to a finish if Smith refuses to withdraw the stakes, championship and belt.

—Judge J. E. Trumble and James A. Ramsey, of Farmersville, Ill., had a quarrel, and on meeting each other both drew pistols and began firing. Five or six shots were fired and both were killed.

—Miss Annie Court, of Camden, N. J., 29 years of age, gave birth to illegitimate twins. The next day the infants were missing and a search resulted in finding their dead bodies in a pail of water.

—The Chief of Police at Knoxville, Tennessee, discovered bonds amounting to \$10,500 secreted under the floor of a house recently occupied by burglars. The bonds are a portion of the \$55,000 recently stolen from Tompkinsville, Ky.

—A destructive tornado visited Armstrong Academy, I. T., Fort Washburn and Green at an early hour Saturday morning, causing great destruction of property and loss of life. It only lasted six minutes, but six persons were killed.

—The prize fight between Smith and Kirkin, on the Island of St. Pierre, in the river Seine, lasted for 106 rounds and was declared a draw. It was an unusual brutal affair.

—Ernest Stone and Dudley May, two young bloods of Mt. Sterling, took two colored prostitutes buggy riding on Sunday evening and were run into by the lightning express on the Chesapeake & Ohio. The whole party was instantly killed.

—Senator Beck introduced a bill providing that every person who carries on business of a retail dealer in liquor, manufacturer of tobacco, snuff or cigars, or dealer in tobacco, without having paid a special tax therefor, shall be liable to a fine of \$500 or imprisonment in a county jail without hard labor not more than one year.

—We cannot concur in *ido* with the politics of the Senator's resolutions. The small leaven of incidental protection which the microscope reveals in minute quantities will not do much harm, unless it swells, as it is most likely to do, like the Royal Baking Powders (see ad, on another page) in a pot of light bread. We know a boy once who ate a half pound of dried apples and then drank water merely as an incident. The funeral sermon was pathetic!

—But politics aside. We are concerned about grammar. To Senator Pugh we tender the paternal advice: Get thee to a pedagogue!

—The Lexington grand jury, which has just adjourned, brought in 600 indictments, more than were ever before returned at one session.

—The proximity of the Blue grass capitol to Cincinnati is gradually giving it a foremost place among the sinful cities of the land. When Kentucky's new evangelist, Miss Belle Hunt, completes her regeneration of Nicholaville, she could find no place where her labors are as needful as wicked Lexington.—[Courier Journal.]

—Whit Maloney, of Lexington, is in town fitting gas and water pipes to the new house of J. H. Gentry, on Lexington street.

—Mr. Ed Fox is in Vinton, Va., called there by the illness of his aged mother. Mr. Sam Lazarus, of Louisville, is in town, on a visit to his brother, Fred Lazarus.

—Mr. John H. Steigbergens, of Mercer county, and Miss Louise Conner, of this county, were married Thursday by Rev. A. D. Bartholomew, of the Christian church.

—The wife of Tom Slaughter, colored, was fined \$100 in the police court on Tuesday for selling whisky. The prosecuting witness were Frank Johnson and William O'Brien.

—Mr. H. L. Webb and Miss Mary E. Wade obtained marriage license Wednesday. Both belong to the West End. They were married on Thursday at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. James Wade.

—L. W. Sharp, deputy sheriff of Casey county, brought Wednesday to the jail of this county Ben Roberts, recently convicted of the murder of George Baker 2 years ago. The case goes to the Court of Appeals and as the Casey jail is regarded as unsafe Roberts was brought here.

—About \$50 in money has been raised by subscription for purchasing presents for the children attending the public school. The various city merchants have contributed many articles to swell the list of presents and a number of kind-hearted ladies will prepare a dinner for Friday at 2 o'clock P. M., when the presents will be distributed.

—Eutopia Lodge No. 33, K. of P., are in correspondence with Mr. E. S. Isurine, the actor and teacher of elocution, looking to the presentation at the Opera House in February, of the play of Damon and Pythias. As soon as Mr. Isurine is heard from a more definite announcement will be made.

—Santa Claus in all his glory is to be presented at the D. and D. Institute on Monday. The veritable old gentleman with his sleigh, reindeers and in fact all the accompaniments will be present. A general invitation is to be extended to the children of Danville and vicinity through the Sunday schools.

—Fifty dollars, which included a check on the Farmers National Bank, of this place, was stolen from the sleeping room of Mr. George Lawrence on Monday. The check was signed by Tim Engleman, of Lincoln county, and was made payable to the order of Mr. Lawrence. As it had been endorsed by the latter the thief can make no use of it.

—Last Sunday was "India day" at the Baptist church, a day set apart for the collection of money for a publishing association known as the American Baptist Society, an organization whose object it is to distribute bibles among those unable to buy them. A considerable sum of money was raised. There were recitations by Sparrow Check, Willie Price, Mary Anderson, Lila Simpson, Sammie Fox, Katie Shear, Irene Studdith, Annie Bruce and an address by Rev. L. P. Hale the pastor of the church.

—Richard K. Fox has sent a telegram to Manager Harting, stating that Kishan and Smith must fight again and to a finish if Smith refuses to withdraw the stakes, championship and belt.

—Miss Annie Court, of Camden, N. J., 29 years of age, gave birth to illegitimate twins. The next day the infants were missing and a search resulted in finding their dead bodies in a pail of water.

—The Chief of Police at Knoxville, Tennessee, discovered bonds amounting to \$10,500 secreted under the floor of a house recently occupied by burglars. The bonds are a portion of the \$55,000 recently stolen from Tompkinsville, Ky.

—A destructive tornado visited Armstrong Academy, I. T., Fort Washburn and Green at an early hour Saturday morning, causing great destruction of property and loss of life. It only lasted six minutes, but six persons were killed.

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# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1887.

NO. 292.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

SIX PAGES.

W. P. WALTON.

*Our Christmas Tree*

This  
is,  
you  
see, a  
Christ-  
mas tree,  
one of the  
best type, too;  
and which, dear  
sir, 'tis not a  
fir, yet it was  
made for you. 'Tis  
true, you see upon  
this tree no presents  
rich and rare; yet  
please be kind, and  
bear in mind, in wish  
the gifts are there. We now  
wish all, the short and tall,  
young, middle aged and gray;  
the  
poor  
the rich,  
white,  
black  
as pitch.  
A Merry Christmas Day.  
—[Columbus Dispatch.]

SANTA CLAUS NOT A HUMBUG.—Santa Claus is to the children of each generation the giver of good gifts. He comes unknown to them and leaves them what their hearts most desire. He is not confined in his labor of love, but all the world over, where there are little children he celebrates once more the birth of that little child eighteen hundred years ago. He is what you will—a type, a symbol of unselfish love, bestowing goods that can not be returned in kind. He is the Great Almoner, to whom all the mysterious workshops are open, and for whom all of Nature's laws are suspended. It is a blessed thing to teach these children all that this myth, this legend teaches. As they grow old they may lose their faith, they must lose faith in the form of the table, but woe to them, and woe to us, if they lose faith in the truth of universal love and peace which is back of it all.—[Courier Journal.]

YOU CAN DO THIS.—You have it in your power, esteemed reader, during the coming holiday season to set up a happy memory for next year by doing an act of generosity for some forlorn urchin, some needy family, some poor widow, some bedridden fellow-being, some desolate old person, some unfortunate prisoner, some stranded wreck, or some friendless specimen of our common humanity. Think of it in time. Whether the object of your generosity be black or white, Jew, Gentile or pagan, young, middle-aged or old, saint, sinner, simpleton or lunatic, the memory of your good act will be pleasant next year and the breed you cast upon the waters will return to you after many days.—[New York Sun.]

Do those democrats of Kentucky who favor the Blair Educational Bill find no significance in the fact that many of the leaders of the republican party and nearly the whole republican press favor the distribution of the appropriation among the States according to population and not according to illiteracy? Do they experience no forebodings of the effects of a system of Federal aid when they see mixed schools in Ohio? But a democrat who cannot see centralization in its worst and most insidious form in the principle of the Blair Bill is not apt to stop at anything.—[Louisville Times.]

Twenty one years ago John Johnson disappeared from Danville, Ky., several months after his marriage. One year ago his wife, who had never heard from him, procured a divorce. Yesterday Johnson returned, dressed as a cowboy, and announced that he had been living in Oregon, where he has a herd of 2,700 cattle and large deposits in bank. He wants his former wife to re-unite him, which she, however like, will probably do.

A cynic old bachelor said: "These are like beards; nobody ever has any till he is grown up." "And how is it with women?" asked a lady; "they never have any beards at all." "Nor does, either," answered the ruffianly old bachelor.

Twenty six car loads of canned corn is the product of the Skowhegan, Maine, factory this season, and it has nearly all been shipped. The profit of sweet corn this year is probably as good as any other crop raised.

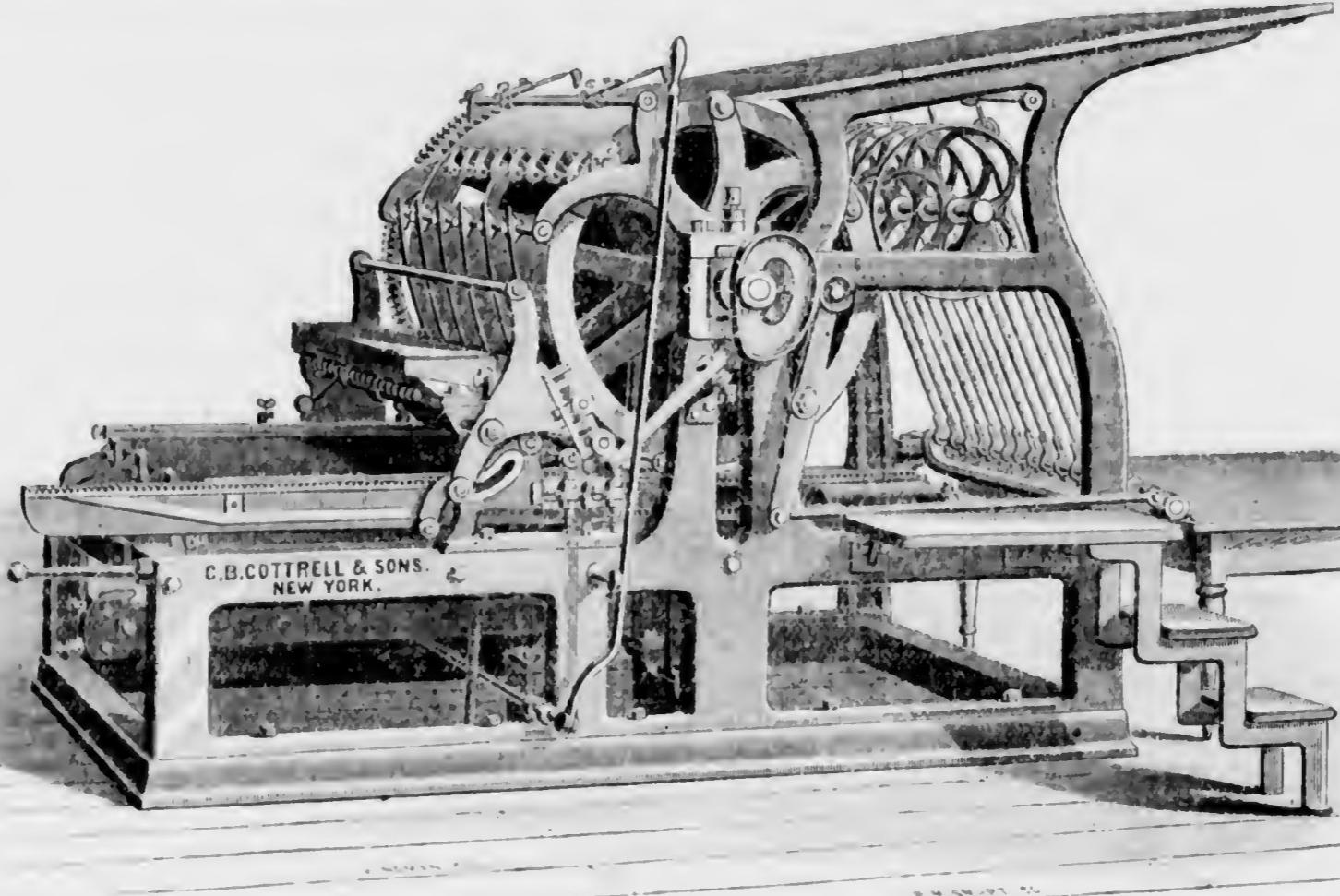
When we remember that the Chinese Empire has a population of something like 450,000,000, then it is easier to understand how a nation so small may be destroyed by a blood. There are a great many left.

This is the composition a new teacher had the pleasure of hearing read in a school a short time ago:—I like to go to school when we have a good teacher. I don't like to go to school this term."

THE WEEKLY ENQUIRER. Price is uniform for each and every subscriber. One copy, one year ..... \$1.50  
One copy, six months ..... .50

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JOHN R. MCLEAN, Proprietor,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.



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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

KINGSVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Ashley Gilman has sold his farm on Buck creek to Mr. Estercamp, of Ohio.

—Master Edward McCarty was horned by a vicious cow and received a painful but not serious wound in the thigh.

—W. L. McCarty bought the stock of drugs of D. B. Flint and will put up a nice stock, including drugs, staple and fancy groceries.

—The demands, the extra good weather and enterprising business men have sustained a business boom that surpasses any former season at Kingsville and vicinity.

—Miss Eliza Padgett will spend the holidays in Somerset with friends. Mr. Wm. Gosney is confined to his room with serious throat trouble. W. L. McCarty is in Cincinnati buying goods.

OBITUARY.

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Mrs. Pattie Wilkerson, wife of Jas.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There's a story often, golden,  
Laden with the sweetest peace,  
Of a stranger to a manger,  
Contented in a manger,  
Ruled not in saddle, for a noble.  
With its stars and gold and walls,  
Formed a shelter, where did swelter  
Cattle in their stalled stalls.

Then from heaven's azure river,  
Blazed star of radiance bright;  
Glorious, glorious!  
It gladded the other stars of night.  
Then it glimmered, shamed and shamed,  
Of the love of Bethlehem,  
And brighter, nearer, richer, clearer,  
Bathed to star of glory then.

—O. H.



Above the stable's pointed cables  
In the star of heaven stand;  
White adoring, youth outpouring,  
Kept the morn from Judah land.  
Softly saying, "Hail their praying,  
While their eyes with tears were dim,  
From afar we've seen low star,  
And have come to worship him!  
Then came wailing, sweetly singing,  
Hosts on hosts of cherubim,  
"Glory, glory, hark the story!  
Peace on earth, good will to men!"

—O. H.

## MOTHER'S MENAGERIE.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

Some sixty years ago Madison street in New York was one of the most aristocratic streets in the city, and on both sides it was built with stately stone mansions, with wide halls, immense parlors and large handsome rooms, and each had a garden in the rear. Now the wealthy old Quaker families who once inhabited them are gone and the whole street has degenerated until it is known as a "tenement house district," and these old houses are full of ragged, half-starved children; pale, wretched women, and a generally honest but rough class of men. Every house has a family in every room, where they eat, work and sleep, and even where there is the most sobriety there is still enough of noise, unhealthiness and misery. In most of them men's drink, cursing and women and children's shrill screams are heard hourly.

In the attic room of one of the handsomest of these old houses there lived a widow with her two children, Ruth and Robert. No words can picture the bare desolation of that room, but in spite of the bitter poverty so apparent it was neat and clean. The young mother was born in this house, as had been her father, and though she now owned nothing on earth but the wretched furniture about her, and could barely pay the rent of this cheerless attic, her heart clung to the old house and her seaboard. Her father had died suddenly, as had his father before him, and Abby, lonely child, had married a man who was woefully his trust and in a short time he had disputed every dollar they possessed and then had died, miserably for his wife and little children.

Abby Hicks had tried to earn a living since then, but with daily health and two helpless babies she could not do much. Like the great majority of women she had no resources but her energy, and she found employ in a shirt factory, and by slaving night and day as long as her poor little hands could hold the work, she managed to keep her children and herself alive. Their clothes were the last of those of better days, and were almost falling off them from usage, though the patient little fingers had patched and darned them over and over, and her heart sank as she wondered whence she could get more.

Her grandfather had been a thirty-old man, and everybody had respected him richly; but when he died it was found that this house and five thousand dollars, which was not interest, was all he had, but it was never quite enough, and he was anxious of something in excess of it, so he gave it to Ruth, and nothing more and the sum was finally dropped, though the question was often discussed.

It grew too dark to see, and not quite dark enough to light the lamp, and this hour the little mother usually went to town and dexterously lighting the fire next day and settling their meal ready for bed, for it was bitter cold, and lying close under the roof, she took her children's stockings and throwing them on the carpet, she started to cook.

These made out a brief meal, and when set upon the table, as if to start the children's vacation, he rose, sat in the corner, and a red glow was cast over the room, and the scene seemed until she had the number seconded, and so it was.

She found the two children occupied at the plan, which was to load houses or trolley cars with vegetables, and were almost taking off their trousers again, though the patient little fingers had patched and darned them over and over, and her heart sank as she wondered whence she could get more.

The apples were very rare and beautiful to them, the menagerie of wonderful animals surpassed anything they ever dreamed of, and as the mother told them:

"You see, dears, they are finer than my wooden toy animals could be, for we can play that they are real, truly animals and we can kill them and dress them and eat them all up into little bits and cook them by fire, just like the butchers do."

"Oh, yes!" said Ruth in ecstasy.

"I don't want my oblonger cut up," declared Robbie, stoutly. He was pacified, and the children played contentedly till the morning with their animals, though it required the constant use of marmalade to replace broken legs, arms and tails, and the children did smell earthy odors; but still they were happy and their hearts lightened. But when the time came for the final part of their play,

this poor little woman could buy nothing, not even so much as a bit of candy, for storm necessity had laid too strong a hand upon this desolate little family for the spending even of one penny on anything but food, fuel and rent. Choking back the unruly sobs that would mount up the little woman at last reached the butcher's shop where she dealt, when she had anything to buy with, and here she bought a soup bone for ten cents, a carrot, a turnip and two potatoes for five cents, and then as the fat butcher's fatter wife put them in a paper bag she slyly added two rosy apples from a barrel and two big red onions, and the butcher being busy just then selling a fine turkey to the proprietor of a boarding house did not see it.

"For the babies, mam, with my love," said the jolly woman, "and I wish it was more."

Abby Hicks stood a moment irresolute, with the red spots of shame burning in her cheeks, for never before had she accepted a gift, and yet her heart was glad for her children and lighter for the womanly sympathy which she felt had actuated this monger gift.

"Thank you," was all she could trust herself to say, and she hurried away, and from thence she went to the little corner grocery where her wants were supplied when accompanied by cash. Here she bought a five cent loaf and a part of coal.

"Nothing else?" asked the grocer's clerk.

"We have some turkeys and cranberries; chickens, too, first rate Philadelphia dry picked, raisins, apples, jellies, celery—noting at all."

"No, thank you," said Abby, hurrying away.

The coal had taken her last cent. She got again out the street on her way back and hurried onward, only anxious to get back to where she could weep her heart out in her woes, for where is an agony keener for a mother than to deprive her children of the joy that is rightfully theirs on Christmas day? Dear little Robbie! He would hear the other children blowing on their trumpets and beating their drums, and his sturdy little heart had always desired around the other by turns. And good, gentle Ruthie! How her motherly soul had longed for a red doll! Not the old rag doll, but a real one, with fair hair and blue eyes. And this mother had promised long ago that she would write a long letter to Santa Claus and tell him what good little children they were, and how they would grieve over his neglect. What should she do? She had nothing to sell that they could by any possibility spare. Everything had been sold long ago that could bring anything at all; and now, to add to her despair, a huckster's wagon, loaded with cheap toys, stopped just in front of her, and the strong, lunged hucksters began crying out their wares. Again she quickened her pace, and went on blithely up the stairs to her miserable home, all the while her heart nearly bursting with its agony as memory pictured this home as it had been only ten short years ago. Yes, on this very anniversary, and she dressed in white satin, with pearls and beautiful lace, was the envied beauty of the great ball. Where now were all those brilliant lights, the flowers, the servants, her sweet-faced mother and noble father?



THE MENAGERIE.

All were gone, and she left alone to battle with such a hard world. Had it not been for these two little children up stairs the ivy world would have soon closed her book of sorrow.

She reached her room. The children were fast asleep, and she lighted the lamp and sat down by the little stove.

"If we starved," she said, "I cannot work to-night."

By six mechanically she went about and put the little ones to rights, and hung the children's worn clothing over the chair-back, and took the meal for the next day's dinner and supper from its bag. The vegetables lay upon the table, with the apples. These lie water-soaked, and then sat down again, looking at them in a dream. Suddenly she gave a nervous little laugh, saying:

"I will. It will amuse them at any rate. Then she sat down to the meal prepared for her.

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"If we starved,"

## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

Stanford, Ky., - December 23, 1887

**PUBLISHED TWENTY AND FRIDAYS.**

AT

**\$2 PER ANNUM, CASIL.**

I understand it is profit that \$2.50 will be exacted and demanded.

**L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.**

Mail train going North 2:03 P. M.  
South 1:30 P. M.  
Express Train South 1:30 A. M.  
Local Freight North 6:30 A. M.  
South 6:30 A. M.

The latter trains do not carry passengers.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time about 20 minutes faster.

**K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.**

Train leaves Louisville at 7:20 A. M. and returns at 6 P. M.

**LOCAL NOTICES.**

Buy your school books and school supplies from A. R. Penny.

Ask your cheer for the Cincinnati Banking Commissioners and eskees.

Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warrant. Ask A. R. Penny.

A complete stock of jewelry, latest style, Rockford watches a specialty. A. R. Penny.

The firm of Penny & McAlister having dissolved, the stock is now ready for settlement. Come at once and settle. You may save cost.

**PERSONAL.**

- Mr. ED. DAUGLASS has been very ill.

- Miss LUCY LATRIS is home for the holidays.

- Miss NEELIE LEAVENS is visiting relatives in St. Louis.

- Miss LILLIE HORN of Brookland, is visiting Mrs. M. M. NORTON.

- TINSLEY ALLEGHENY is night clerk at the Opera House, Lexington City.

- Miss NANNIE DEAN of Huntington, is the guest of Mrs. E. K. WESTER.

- Miss PATRICIA LOUDON of Madison, is the guest of Miss Maggie Newland.

- Mr. A. L. SHAW went to Cincinnati Friday to see about the planting of his cotton.

- Mrs. HERBSPERG of Jessamine, was the guest of Mrs. W. N. Price, on her way to the West.

- Mr. JOE S. KIRK stopped over with Miss Alma Hayes on his way to his home at Richmond.

- WILLIE N. CRAVEN and Joe and Will Barton of Centre College, are at home for the holidays.

- M. L. CRAVEN of Lebanon, passed up yesterday to spend a few days with his parents at London.

- Misses ANNE SHANKS and MARY MC KEEVER of Douglass' College, arrived yesterday to spend Christmas with their home folks.

- Mrs. T. P. HUMPHREY, Jr., arrived from Washington, D. C., yesterday, and will gratify her friends till after the holidays. She is looking magnificently well.

Miss J. H. HICKMAN writes us to advise our paper, when she is here very shortly, to Springfield, Mo., we suppose the family are moved thither.

- We extend both our thanks and commiseration to our faithful correspondents at Clark's Cross Roads, Mrs. Maggie E. Hart, who wrote her letter before turning up dead.

- Mrs. HARRY FITZPATRICK, who was in partnership with E. W. JAMESON, Clark's Cross Roads, was here this week. He thinks of going to South America in the spring.

- THAT good old Sonora, Mr. W. N. Price, has left us under further obligations. He has given our engine a trial like a top and driven the presses without fail, trying May to have the largest kind of a Christmas tree.

- Rev. J. M. COLEMAN and family left yesterday for Marysville, Mo., where Mr. Coleman has secured a call to preach. He is a correct, Christian gentleman and will do great good and we expect to hear excellent reports from him in his new home. All who know him will have a fond family regret, however, for them to leave his field of labor.

- Up to date, McCracken's obituary is still up, which is now highly probable, he will be interred in a church. In this event we will supply Mr. Wallace Varnum, of Stanford, to be his minister. Mr. Varnum is a son of a late Thomas Varnum, and one of the best living men in the State. Having up to the writing of some time ago and without cross-referencing and war for space, change - I leave it to you.

**LOCAL AFFAIRS.**

An edition of "Half Dime" Jesus printed yesterday. Bruce & McAlister.

You will save out by paying the amount you owe the firm of Penny & McAlister, if you pay before Jan. 10.

The Lyceum Comedy Company will likely hold the boards at the Opera House next Friday night, 80c.

If you will give such articles as neckwear, underwear, a nice pair of boots or shoes for Christmas gifts you will do right. We have them. Owsley & Craig.

It is hardly necessary to state that the STERLING JOURNAL will be issued next week as usual. Our correspondents will leave no back on us, but send us even fuller reports than ever.

LINCOLN LODGE, No. 60, A. & Y. M., will meet on Monday, 26th inst., to elect officers for the following year. All members are requested to be present. Meeting at 8 P. M. H. J. Davis, W. M.

**TURKEYS** on foot for Christmas. A. T. Nunnelley.

**FRESH fish and Oysters Saturday.** Geo. T. Portman.

MT. XENIA will grow a Christmas tree tomorrow night.

FRESH oysters, scallops, cranberries this evening. S. S. Myers.

MART SMITH will have a turkey shooting next Monday at Jim Carter's store.

CHRISTIAN CANDIES, Nuts, Raisins, Figs, Oranges, Dates, &c., at A. A. Warren's "Model Grocery."

For Rent, the store-room lately occupied by Penny's Drug Store. Possession Jan. 1. John Baumgartner.

ORANGES, lemons, Malaga grapes, figs, dates, cocoanuts, candies of all kinds, apples, &c., at S. S. Myers.

A LARGE and varied assortment of Christmas goods in China and Glassware now in full at A. A. Warren's "Model Grocery."

Fruit useful as well as ornamental. Holiday presents sold at the Great Bargain Store of S. L. Powers & Co. More goods for one dollar than anywhere in town.

STANFORD has one out and out free tracery - Judge M. C. Sauls, who is elected John Blair, Esq., a protection democrat. All the others are triffl for revenue only democrat.

We have received from the solid old Jeffersonian democrat, Daniel Stagg, Sr., a long letter, which but for the fact that it was marked "private" we might have given in full to our readers.

The Signal Service predicted a cold wave Tuesday and she came on time. Wednesday it said cold, fair weather and it was again verified. Yesterday the prediction were fair and warmer and thus it came to pass.

Don't forget the upper and lower to be given by the ladies of the Presbyterian church at Penny's old stand to-night. Admission 50 cents, which includes as much of the supper as you can conveniently get away with.

NEXT week will be a lively one at the Opera House. Monday night Pat Mulligan will be the attraction; Tuesday night the Merry Bachelors take possession and Thursday night the Christian church comes to pass.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL presents its readers with an extra half sheet in this edition for a Christmas gift. This makes three double numbers and the extra page this month. A photograph of our new press appears on the extra sheet.

In selecting your Christmas presents these hard times you should select something that is durable as well as pretty. We still have a very pretty line of ladies wraps, dress goods and trimmings; a large line of bed blankets, comforters, &c. Owsley & Craig.

It begins to look like the Opera House will not hold the crowd that will assemble to enjoy the performance of the Pat Mulligan Specialty Company. In order to be sure of a seat you had better interview McRoberts & Stagg at once. They will insure you one for 75 cents.

WAYNESBURG - Square E. B. Caldwell, Jr., writes that the Waynesburg Sunday school will have a Christmas tree Saturday, 25th, to which everybody is invited. - The wife of N. H. Green and a little son of M. T. Morgan died Monday. Mrs. Caldwell, who has been very ill, is improving slowly. Hon. E. S. Gooch's child is also on the mend.

THE K. & N. RAILROAD has recently had two engines added to its quota, making about 11 in all and they are used to their limit to pull the freight on the line. Capt. Tracy Dwyer & J. E. Farren tells us that more than 100 car loads of coal are taken to Lonsdale daily, the cars averaging at least 10,000 pounds, or an aggregate of 1,000,000,000 pounds.

BUSINSSES - Square E. B. Caldwell, Jr., writes that the Waynesburg Sunday school will have a Christmas tree Saturday, 25th, to which everybody is invited. - The wife of N. H. Green and a little son of M. T. Morgan died Monday. Mrs. Caldwell, who has been very ill, is improving slowly. Hon. E. S. Gooch's child is also on the mend.

On the 11th bachelors at Taylor's Opera are taking care of, but one belongs to this country and he is serving a sentence for carrying concealed weapons. The other prisoners are from the mountain counties, brought here for safe keeping. Speaking of the office of justice we need a prominent remark not long since that his pet law would no longer crime of all kinds in the county that there would be no more execrable sort of people for the position. In fact the next jailer will have to be drafted if we get one at all. We hope he is a prophet.

Few persons have any idea what it costs to run a newspaper of the size and character of ours. Our pay roll each week for labor alone amounts to \$65; blank paper costs in \$15 to \$20 more, besides there are dozen of other smaller expenses, such as postage, ink, coal for fuel and steam, wear and tear, in all running our weekly outfit to about \$100. Are you surprised now, dear reader, that we insist that you pay for your paper in advance? We have got to pay whether you do or not, so help us all you can.

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MRS. CLEVELAND announces that she will not receive any Christmas gifts. Neither will we, for nobody will send them to us.

THE railroads are more liberal than ever with their patrons. You can go anywhere during Christmas at one fare for the round-trip.

AS SO FIRE-crackers or fire-works can be sold here unless a license of \$25 is procured, we will probably get through the holidays without the usual display of artillery.

THE Nashville & Knoxville road, 150 miles in length, is being graded rapidly. One former townsmen, Mr. J. C. Bodemer, has contracted for 22 miles between Cookeville and Pavie Fork, and a large force is now at work upon it. The road passes through the great coal fields of Fentress county, Tenn.

THE Masonic Lodge at McKinney will give a dinner on the 27th, to which we have been honored with an invitation. The committee to see that everything is done handsomely and in order is composed of the following members: J. K. Carson, J. P. Crow, King Huston, Dr. Ed. M. Edes and Ed. J. Tanner.

ELOPMENT - Yesterday Charles H. Witt, of the Cincinnati Southern, and Miss Ella Rountree came to town on the pretense of buying presents for her sister, who was married yesterday, and taking the train they flew to Cincinnati, where they were doubtless made one flesh last night. The bride is not over 10 and is quite pretty, and the groom is not over 10.

**MARRIAGES.**

- Mr. Cyrus L. Barnes and Miss Annie E. Strole, both of Kingsville, were married on the 20th.

- Mr. Edward Kehler, a young German, and Miss America Nichols, of the East End, took each other for better or worse Wednesday.

- Miss Alice Carmen, the pretty daughter of Mr. A. C. Carmen, was married Tuesday to Mr. C. C. Sinks, a young Ohio widower.

- Mr. Taylor House, son of the great joker and conundrum expounder, was married on the 21st to Miss Louise, daughter of Alex Sutton, of Harrison. May they always be as happy as the old man appears to be.

- Capt. J. R. Carter, an L. & N. railroad conductor, who stands tip-top with the company, took to himself a wife yesterday in the person of Miss Pauline Carter, the pretty daughter of Capt. J. W. Carter, at Bowland. Elder John Bill Gibson officiated.

- Mr. Sidney Austin took to himself a little Christmas present yesterday in the person of Mrs. Ezra Brown, a widow, several years his senior. The knot was tied by Judge Vermaux in the court house and the couple bade themselves to their Green river home to enjoy the delights of a honeymoon.

- Married at the home of the bride's father, Mr. G. Newton Bradley, on the 20th, Rev. J. M. Coleman, Miss Mary E. Bradley to Mr. George A. Enhants. The groom is a clever and well in do young widower and the bride a deserving and suitable young lady, who will make him a most valuable help-meet.

- The next day after we made an appointment for the young couple to rally to the clerk's office and help him put up the marriage license. The ceremony was simple, seven couples walked up and planked down the case for license to wed. An all-swinging medium. The INTERIOR JOURNAL cannot be excelled. Now is the time to subscribe.

- Mr. Henry C. Toombs and Miss Matilda Elton were married at George A. Hughes', McKinney, on the 20th, and on the same day Jerry M. Toombs, a brother of the first named, was united to Miss Permelia Susan Moore, of the same place, daughter of Drury L. Moore. Both brides are sweet 17 and the grooms 23 and 21 respectively.

WEDNESDAY, at the residence of Mr. J. H. Rountree at Roselawn, by Rev. A. S. McFadden, Miss Sadie B. Rountree and Mr. J. T. Johnson, a worthy young engineer on the L. & N., were united in matrimony. Miss "Sadie" is a manly and excellent young lady and we join her friends in wishing her and the man of her choice a long and happy married life.

- At the last term of the circuit court Mrs. Nannie Birge was granted a divorce from her husband and returned to her maiden name, Spratt. Yesterday she announced this upon herself the marriage vow, Mr. John W. Rountree, a widower, having made man of her second chance. We sincerely wish her every happiness and that the courts will no longer have to be invoked in behalf of either of them.

ATTORNEY IN LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.

— The meeting held at Georgetown by Elder John A. Gurne resulted in 33 additions to the Christian church.

REV. C. C. STODDARD, of Harrington, will take charge of the Wimberley Presbyterian church the first of the year.

- Rev. C. E. Dwyer will preach a Christmas sermon at the Junction City Christian church Christmas day.

- The remains of the deceased members of the Elder John A. Gurne family, 21 in number, have been moved from the private burying ground, near Centerville, to the Georgetown cemetery. — [Times.]

- At Philadelphia, Father Mahoney, suspended from his church for irregularities, has opened an office and is doing a big business curing diseases by miraculous power. Many credulous women are being imposed upon.

- Rev. P. G. Eaton writes from Louisville: Please announce in Friday's paper a Christmas entertainment by the "Sunday" at the Baptist church Sunday at 3 P. M. Recitations and interesting programs; public cordially invited. Pastor will preach at 11 A. M. on "The joys and dangers of the festive season." Wish all a happy Christmas!

- Prof. C. P. Williamson has been called by the congregation of the Christian church at Richmond, Ky., (the vicinity caused by the resignation of their late pastor, Prof. W. D. McClintock. The salary offered is \$1,500 per year.

- The Presbytery refused to absolve Rev. W. E. Keller from his charge at Birdstown. It seems that Mr. Keller had become despondent over the un sympathetic manner of his congregation and worried over constantly increasing debts which he could not pay because his salary was never forthcoming. On a promise by the deacons and elders that they would do better in the future, Mr. Keller consented to try 'em another year.

- LAND, STOCK AND CROP

- J. W. Givens sold to Robinson & Givens 18 cotton mules at \$50.

- A. M. Feland sold to Robert Russell a bunch of shoots at 1 cent and a lot of fat, 200 pound hogs at 7 cents and 5 cents.

- Gilman, of Lexington, has shipped 21,000 turkeys to New York and Boston, netting 100,000 pounds for which he paid \$17,000.

- Col. W. C. Goodloe has bought the old Henderson place, considered one of the finest suburban places at Lexington, at \$150 per acre. — [Transcript.]

- Finley & McMeekin bought of E. K. Phonous, of Bourbon county, Tennessee, property, 46 miles at \$107 per head. — [Georgetown Times.]

- Gentry Bros., bought yesterday 5 miles at prices ranging from \$125 to \$150 per head. Wakefield & Lee sold to D. Pendleton, of Bristol, Tenn., 45 extra cotton mules. — [Danville Advocate.]

- The COURTESY JOURNAL publishes a list of 18 Kentucky trotters and pacers that can go their mile in 2:30 and better. Next year the test of merit will be 2:25.

- GEORGETOWN COUNT. - About 120 cattle on sale, with no extra ones, and selling at \$2.75 to \$3.50 per

GRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

We are confined to our bed with a light touch of pneumonia, consequently this letter is written under disadvantages.

Our town is soon to have another dress-making establishment. It will be presided over by Miss Eva Adams, of Garrison County.

No fire crackers, Roman candles or anything of the kind can be shot on the streets during Christmas. This is the substance of a law recently passed here.

Mr. W. F. Kennedy met with quite a painful accident one day last week. He fell from a barn loft and sprained one of his ankles so that he has been unable to walk.

The good Templars' oyster supper was well attended last Friday night and greatly enjoyed. It was not given at the College, where they at first expected to have it, but in the parlors of the old corner hotel.

Mr. M. C. Williams, of Mt. Vernon, was the guest of his wife this week. Miss Nellie Yantis, of Garrison county, is visiting Mrs. J. C. King. Dr. J. D. Petrus has gone to Birmingham, Ala., to look out a location for himself and family. Mr. John Magee, of Paint Lick, has been visiting relatives here. Mr. Morris Harris is at home for the holidays.

The Baptist church was entered one night last week by some unknown persons by means of breaking a fastening on one of the windows. The sexton said that when she went to the church Sunday morning surrounding circumstances plainly indicated that card playing had been engaged in there, as a fire had been built in one of the stoves, a lamp lit and several chairs, a table and a bench drawn around the stove.

Rev. J. L. Smith, who was to have preached little Jennie Evans' funeral, could not come, and Rev. A. S. McFetts, of Stanford, preached it instead. A number of relatives from Danville and Stanford were present. Jennie was an exceedingly bright child and a favorite with everybody, particularly in the home circle, where she was so fondly loved. The most tender and watchful care was bestowed upon her during her long illness. Her spirit passed to its home in heaven peacefully and calmly and now mother and daughter dwell together to part no more. The family have the sympathy of the whole community in their grief and loss.

The protracted meeting at the Christian church closed last Tuesday night with twelve additions. Five by confession, three by restoration and four from other churches united with this congregation. All of the regular sermons were delivered by Rev. R. A. Hopper, excepting two by Rev. J. B. Gibson. Rev. J. Q. Montgomery was present at different intervals and made several good exhortations. Bro. Hopper is an excellent preacher and during this meeting we heard some of the best sermons we ever listened to. The new converts were baptized in the lake at the Springs by Rev. J. G. Livingston.

ALL OVER AN EGG.—A telegram from Flemingsburg shows what a big fire a small matter sometimes kindleth. As case has been running as a serial in our police court all this week which has netted the officers a sum amount in fees and materially increased the school fund of this district, and it has its origin in the ownership of an egg. George Berry and Dick Coleman are neighbors, and the latter is the owner of a hen—an ordinary, every day hen. This fowl Monday wandered aimlessly into the Berry cellar, and after a short stay there announced by a triumphant cackle that she had increased the world's visible supply of eggs by one. Mrs. Coleman heard the clarion note of her hen and hurried after the unfruitful. She and Mrs. Berry fought, and their husbands fought, and their children fought, and their friends fought, and they have been hiring lawyers and paying fines all week. Nothing has been settled yet as to the ownership of the egg.

BARNUM WRITES A STORY.—The opening chapter of a splendid story for the young, by the famous showman, P. T. Barnum, appears this week in the columns of the New York Family Story Paper. The story describes the adventures of an American boy, whom Mr. Barnum calls "My Plucky Boy Tom," and whom he sent to India in search of wild, fierce and rare animals to replace those destroyed by the disastrous fire at Bridgeport last month. The reader is thrilled by the hairbreadth escapes of this dauntless American boy when capturing the fiercest and wildest animals ever seen in any traveling show. The New York Family Story Paper is for sale at all newsstands.

The origin of the purse "Witness my hand and seal," goes back to the days when writing was a rare accomplishment. Regarding those times we are told that even Kings did not know how to sign their names, so that when they wanted to subscribe to a contract, law, or treaty, which some clerk had drawn up for them, they would smear their right hand with ink and slap it down on the parchment, saying: "Witness my hand." At a later day the seal was devised and used instead of the hand, often alone with the hand."

Romeo and Juliet married and settled—"Oh, Romeo, Romeo, why didst thou not come home?" "My Juliet, hear me I did with brave Mercutio to a friend's repast. A mighty sickness held him in its clutch. We watched, sweet Juliet, by his couch." "Come hither, Romeo, I hear the perfume of thy breath inhale. 'Tis as I feared—told! On, this is maddening!"

## THE LION'S CLAW.

Lieutenant Julian de Rive had returned from his station in Cochin China in a sad plight, but now, after three long months of illness, he had commenced to improve and to be able to take the air on the terrace overlooking the Lake, supported by the arms of his mother or his sister. The fresh air of the river, however, growing chill with the approach of autumn, made the young man cough and shiver.

"He must winter in a warmer climate," the physician had said. "Send him to Pan, and in three months he will return to Terrene and to you, Mme. la Marquise, entirely restored."

That was why Julian de Rive, loitering from his sun-lighted window in the Hotel de Gordes, contemplated the magnificent panorama of the Pyrenees and smoked the cigarette of returning health with so much enjoyment. It seemed to him that he had resumed his youth and the feelings of sixteen years.

"Tens! but this Pan is full of lovely women," said Julian to himself, as, loitering in the sunshiny terrace before the statue of King Henry on the Place Royale, he looked at the caravans of the caravans of a "sea emigrante" her eyes met his with a look in their depths that responded to his generous heart.

Did he wish to marry her? Yes, and to take her from a life so full of peril, to carry her to his mother, a tender, loving woman who would surround her with the peaceful atmosphere of a home, in a word, he love should save her. Nay, more than this, he vowed that often divined his hopes, and that at these "16 to 3 tens" of the Countess Barlerine, whose all of her inclinations were directed to the carelessness of a "sea emigrante" her eyes met his with a look in their depths that responded to his generous heart.

"Yes, Mme. Barlerine, my lease of absence expires in ten days. I leave Pan tomorrow to spend a few hours with my sister in Toulouse, after that I depart for Besançon in order to get to the Meuse post, in a year, or eighteen months at most, I shall again be at sea."

They were alone in a corner of the Gascons' reading room, standing at an open window looking out upon the night and a sky that sparkled with millions of stars.

"Aheu, then, mon ami," replied Julian, in her clear frank voice, "and isn't sayng?

"But I've something to ask of you, Mons. de Rive, before we part. Give me the Lion's Claws which you wear upon your watch guard as a trinket. I want it. It comes from an onion which you killed while in Africa, did not? A sort of wild beast myself, the trinket says me. Give it to me, please?"

"Yes," said Julian, slipping the trinket off the ring and laying it in the young girl's hand. Something in the touch of those little fingers ran through his veins like fire. He could no longer restrain himself, but cried aloud:

"I love you, Olga! I love you—will you be my wife?"

For a moment Olga did not answer, but remained with her hand in his, her dark eyes fixed upon his face.

"No!" she said at last, slowly and without a trace of emotion, "ing, and yet you are the first, the only ones who has ever loved me sufficiently to ask it of me; for that reason I refuse you!"

"ough—" began Julian, in a strangled voice.

"sophie" she continued, with a decided gesture. "You must listen to me and understand why it is that I say to you, No—a thousand times not if necessary to convince you. It is—that I am not worthy of you, and that I should make you unhappy. Do you remember," she went on, her words sounding cold and dry through the stillness of the night, "the letter that you thought you had lost from your sister? Ah, well, my friend, you'll fall here, I packed it up and read it. It was her reply to the confidence you had made her of your sentiments for me, sentiments which I have known for many weeks. She rejoiced, artless and tender child that she was, but in terms that showed me as nothing has ever done before what a profound, what a humiliating difference exists between a pure young girl like that and one brought up like myself. In reading that letter, full of intimate and touching plans and details, I saw that your family was an old and noble one, of honorable and distinguished pedigree and of honest wives and mothers. Thank God, Mons. de Rive, thank him hourly, that the woman who brought you into the world is one of whom you can never feel without finding something nobly—something sweet troubling in the depths of your soul. I also have a mother—Olga Barlerine. You have only seen her frivolous, perhaps in her days, I have been forced to judge her. If you were to look for my hand she would refuse you. You are not a prince; your fortune is only moderate. My mother has determined to my mother has brought me up to an uncounted marriage—or otherwise. Today, my friend, I have had a bitter experience for a girl of 19 years! It is terrible, is it not? Nevertheless, it is true, tell when we were last winter at Nice, last summer at Skewinney, why we are now in Pan and why we will like to leave from one end of Europe to the other. My mother, you understand, is a spot of crimson blushing in her cheeks, "my mother has been a most royal princess, she has made the comprehend, and to comprehend it from the hour I was 15 years of age, that I was destined to become a ladies least, a magnificient one, if necessary, but still a duchess." A marriage with such a noble almost simple creature would bring her eyes degradation. I know that I implore you with all my heart, Mons. de Rive, I shudder at myself," continued Olga, the even tones of her voice in the first time breaking into a sob, "but do not speak, do not protest, it is impossible that you can present, impossible that you can truly wish to present, to your family or your house or your wife one who has such meekness and such dirt in her heart as I. Besides, I am not an object of beauty, costly and meek, who do not need, and which would not bring you joy, I am sure. I do not, I do not, I will not leave you. I do not, I do not, it is forbidden me. Do not speak, I implore you, this useless, far love-honored—"

This creature herself was the daughter of a New York banker by the name of Jacobson. Had she a nationality at all, this beautiful Olga brought up on a regimen of fine switchings, part of the time in the frozen atmosphere of a Scottish nursery, again in a Protestant boarding school at Geneva, the rest of her existence passed upon the cushions of refined training, who could pass before her in memory, like the pictures of the microscope, all the wretched places of Europe, all these side resorts and winter stations, where her mother, a beautiful woman still in spite of her meek and comely, had pronounced twenty years ago at her worn out arms of esquire, her son, and her cage of pampered monkeys?

Alas! it was true she had no country, this strange girl, who combined within herself the modesty of a virgin with the boldness of a boy.

"I am neither of London, of Paris, Vienna nor St. Petersburg," she would say with a smile softer than any tear, "I am not of the table d'hôte."

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And Olga's modesty, despite of her periodical and maternal tendencies, which graced up all tall and delicate youths, was swallowed with an egg-tray, so meekly, absolutely sulking and which never for a moment found itself at fault.

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For this reason she treated them disdainfully, and quickly brought them to their senses at the slightest attempt to pass the limit she had placed upon their approaches, they had still at least respect her!

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